

Tim Healy, Scourge of England and of Irish Politics, at Last Comes Into Ruling Power

Caused Downfall of Parnell and Stood Alone in Parliament As Champion of the Cause of Ireland.

By SEUMAS MacMANUS.

ON the day on which Gov.-Gen. Tim Healy was first seen riding down O'Connell street I know well, without having seen it, that the face of Parnell on his statue at the head of that street took on a stonier stare than the sculptor gave it. Dubliners will not be astonished even if, after enduring a couple of months of the reign of Tim the First, the upper lip of the statue should develop a noticeable curl. One does not need to guess—for it is certain—that the melancholious John Dillon, on reading in his *Freeman's Journal* of the choosing of Tim to rule over him, drew the shades on his windows, pulled them down with trembling hands, locked his front door and threw away the key. And "Wee Joe" Devlin will now never more come nearer to Ireland than Belfast—where we can in fancy see him ascend the great brewery chimney stack at the head of Falls road and gaze sorrowfully toward the Promised (but snatched away) Land, where now reigns a king who knows not Joseph—who, in fact, would spit on Joseph if he met him in a desert.

A few years ago one of those queer turns of the wheel of Fate suddenly relegated to the political morgue John the Melancholious, "Wee Joe" and the half dozen other little Kaisers who, believing that they owned Ireland body and soul, had already planned to divide the rule and the revenue among themselves and their 10,000 aunts and thirty-second cousins and had with particular satisfaction arranged to install Ireland's black beast, Tim Healy, in a specially constructed steel cage on O'Connell Bridge, to drag out the remainder of his miserable days on a diet of bread and water, supplemented by the peanuts presented to him by passing children—a terrible warning to the world against the flinging of monkey wrenches into political machines. By a second fantastic turn the same wheel lifted Tim out of the obscurity into which he had long since retired and elevated him to rule the land which was to have been his prison.

When the Young Timothy Healy Dazzled Ireland, Terrified England

Yet the present Governor of the land, late Ishmael, wandering in the desert, began his political career as one of the most favored and most promising of young men. As a young man in the original band of Parnell's Home Rulers, the brainy, brilliant and witty Tim, whose tongue was a silver rasp and pen a surgeon's scalpel, electrified his fellow members, dazzled Ireland and terrified England. Parnell saw in the scintillating young politician his most brilliant satellite; Ireland saw in him a future leader, and the English saw in him one of the most dangerous Irish bulls that the devil ever turned loose in their Parliamentary china shop. And, starting out with two of the greatest advantages that a young Irishman could then possess, namely, the worship of the Irish race and the hatred of the English, Tim Healy, after successfully smashing all the traditions of the British Parliament and becoming the fashionable bogie man wherewith British matrons frightened their babies, fought every leader who tried to lead him, chased away every follower who tried to follow him, resolved himself into a guerrilla army—generalissimo, in fact, of the Irish cause, rolled in one—and eventually a couple of decades ago entirely disappeared from the field—or the stage—as your favor or prejudice may dictate.

At a time when Tim was trying to drive the Irish Parliamentary army in a direction opposite to that in which its leaders wanted to lead it, and that thing which is generally going badly for the cause, Tim's name, like and fellow wit, Father Healy of Bray, being asked by an American visitor who was speculating upon the personnel of a future Irish Cabinet: "What will Mr. Timothy Healy be when Ireland gets home rule?" replied: "Troth, I'm thinking he'll be a piper, and he'll be playing the fiddle. He'll be Governor-General of an Irish Free State," the joke which has created even more uproarious laughter. Fantastic fact has again outstripped fancy imagination.

Tim Healy was one of the seven or eight original picturesque obstructionists who introduced into the British House of Commons an entirely new era, and a new weapon that paralyzed its proceedings. It is in dispute as to whether it was Parnell himself, or his friend the brutally blunt Belfast pork man, Joe Biggar, who invented the obstruction policy; but undoubtedly Biggar was the prince of obstructionists, with Tim Healy running him close for the laurels. For two and a half centuries, since Cromwell's day, the British people have not been treated to such shocked thrills as a little handful of Parnellites gave them when, forty years ago, these wild Irishmen began making a mat of the sacred traditions of the House, and with this mat incidentally wiping the bog from off their Irish brogans. Hear William O'Brien's description of the first little shock Tim gave the House—a faint precursor of real shocks that were to follow quick and fast. "A quarter of an hour after he took his seat as member for Wexford he started up to make his maiden speech—any of frame, surdness of visage, his hands in his breeches pockets, as coolly insolent as a Parisian gamin roaming through the Tuilleries Palace at the heels of Louis Philippe, making havoc of the pictures and mirrors, as entirely detestable as a small Diogenes, peering over the rims of his pinching through-billious eyes over his contumacious audience, and horrified the House of Commons with the following exordium: "Mr. Speaker, if the noble Marquis (Hartington) thinks he is going to bully us with his high and

SOUTH IRELAND'S GOVERNOR-GENERAL



TIMOTHY HEALY.

mighty Cavendish ways, all I can tell him is he will find himself knocked into a cocked hat in a jiffy, and we will have to put him to the necessity of wiping the blood of all the Cavendishes from his noble nose a good many times before he disposes of us." O'Brien says that at that time Tim was almost as fond of making himself disagreeable to his friends as offensive to his foes. His theory of life was to regard everybody as an enemy till he had proved the contrary, and he affected a brutality of speech that would have made Swift, Babelais, green with envy. He one time concluded an harangue with these words: "I have nothing more to say to you; I have discharged my stomach." It was only a very few intimates, O'Brien tells us, who at that time knew the man's amazing fertility of intellectual resource, his devouring industry, his eloquence of tongue and pen, rich with plentiful, and sometimes not too reverent, borrowings from the Old Testament.

In those early days the marvelously readable and brilliant *United Ireland*, the weekly official organ of the party, was almost entirely the output of the pens of O'Brien and Healy, dashed off in breathless intervals—often in the middle of the night—between strenuous Parliamentary or public tasks. In their little office in which the two of them were at work one night, Healy told a visitor: "Here O'Brien and I concoct our *United Ireland* salad—O'Brien supplied the oil and I put in the vinegar."

We can appreciate the tireless and inexhaustible energy of the man when we realize that at this time Healy was not only responsible for turning out half of the weekly organ but was likewise reading for the bar, attending to his Parliamentary duties and by meetings and fiery speeches in every corner of the country making the Irish climate unwholesome for English officials. Here is a picture of him that we get from O'Brien's pen, in the course of the latter's description of the great Malvern election: "Healy and Sexton then in full blossom of their superb powers and of their mutual amity, filled the veins of the people of Malvern with liquid fire by their impassioned eloquence and glittering sarcasms, and when we were obliged to depart by the night mail for the morning's prosecution in the Dublin Police Court they illuminated every minute of the long night journey with flashes of repartee and brave young wit that even now, after the lapse of two and twenty years, make the whole air bright around me when I recall it, as it did while I lay in a corner of the compartment that night smarting with the agony of a painful illness. Even in the cab from Kingsbridge, and as we passed on O'Connell Bridge in the biting air of the winter morning, they cut and thrust and answered back until the Dublin gas lamps seemed to flash like constellations."

But maybe it was in the British House of Commons that Healy's laurels were principally won. There he distinguished himself not only as an obstructionist but also as a constructionist, and likewise as a satirist—one of the most daring and one of the most brilliant that the House will ever know. Second only to Biggar did he shine during the famous all night sittings of that House in the early eighties—the sittings wherein the little handful of Irish obstructionists held the fuming, cursing, sleepy British members in their seats all through the long winter night and far into the next morning. Joe Biggar had a truly diabolical delight in trampling on the traditions of their Parliament House and insolently flouting its demi-gods—then watching the Britishers squirm and writhe, hearing their denunciations, threats, curse him, seeing them eager

to leap on him like tigers on their prey—eager but afraid. Biggar would procure all the Government Blue Books in which there was a line remotely bearing upon the subject that he was supposed to be discussing, and with truly devilish delight dancing in his eye would hold the squirming Speaker and the raging House in their seats while he read the book from beginning to end, not consenting to spare them even a little footnote. "I must say," said the tired Speaker once, "in hopeless endeavor to discourage the eager Biggar," and Biggarstone, who heard the House must say that I can hardly hear what the honorable member for Cavan is reading." "Yes, sir," Biggar replied imperturbably, "the acoustics of this house certainly leave much to be desired—I'll come nearer to you."

And to the Speaker's horror Biggar embraced an armful of Blue Books, marched right up beside the chair while Tim Healy, as a faithful disciple, followed, aggressively growling under a larger load of Blue Books, for him. "And now, sir," said Joe, with the coolest, most provoking irony, "as I would not for worlds have you miss one word of this highly important document, I'll begin again at the beginning." The poor Speaker groaned, the dazed House moaned, and Joe, reverting to page one of the thousand-page book, turned on again his Belfast burr that was harrowing both to the sense and soul of every Britisher present. Well might the poet laureate of the Irish Parliamentary party, T. D. Sullivan, in his song, "The All Night Sitting," sing "And Joseph Gillis Biggar with his big Blue Book came in to give us readings till the mornin'." Tim sadly shocked the British sense of reverence for titled ones when on one of these gay nights he described an Irish peer as "this bigoted and malevolent young puppy." And he threw the House into a rage by advising the British benches: "I had as lief reason with a horde of Zulus as with you, set of British asses." But he dumfounded them when, breaking the sacred tradition of hundreds of years, he with cool casualty not merely questioned the Speaker's ruling, but actually began an argument with that British divinity.

When the boisterous, ranting, Orange leader, Col. Sanderson, replying to a taunt from the Parnellites benches, moved the House to mirth with his famous bull: "I was born an Irishman, and have remained so ever since," Tim Healy stimulated the polite mirth of the House to a roar by answering: "So, despite plenty of circumstantial evidence to the contrary, I presume there is no foundation for the accusation of his enemies, that the honorable member transferred his nativity to the nation of Choc-taws."

The brilliant but eminently erratic and superlatively egotistic Frank Hugh O'Donnell, early noted member of the small Parnellite party, who, however, could never be broken to work in harness, had his political doom sealed when Tim most happily named him "Crank Hugh O'Donnell."

Once when an old Tory Die-Hard member, a retired major, having poured a bucketful of bile over the heads of the Irish, snoped back in his seat, unfortunately squashing beyond cure his alkali bat, Tim arose to his feet with "Mr. Speaker, allow me to congratulate the honorable member who has just sat down upon the fact that when he sat upon his high seat after him didn't happen to be in it."

After Tim had been slaying an English Conservative member who was a landlord in Tipperary—slaying him for injustices to his tenants—the smarting and indignant gentleman answered him: "If I am as vile a landlord as the honorable member

smash your chance of getting that Parliament." This threat, for it was nothing less, stunned the crowd—and eventually made them acquiesce in the scandalous thing. Biggar persisted in his support of Lynch and made him go to the polls—where, of course, he was now defeated by an overwhelming majority. Captain O'Shea, proving himself to be what might be expected, soon after paid Parnell back by selling out to the British politicians.

When the final break came with Parnell, after the O'Shea divorce suit, Healy it was who led the country and smashed his former leader. Tim's superlatively abusive tongue was now used to good purpose. He covered the Parnellites with ridicule by giving to the country such sublime phrases as "Parnell has flung to the breeze his standard—the petticoat of Kitty O'Shea."

One of Healy's last mixups in the British House of Commons was in the brawl that occurred when the House was in committee on Home Rule in 1893. Chamberlain in his speech had named Gladstone "Herod"—T. P. O'Connor caused an uproar by flinging "Judah" across the floor at Chamberlain—an English worshipper of Gladstone, a Liberal named Logan, to show his contempt for the Unionist, strode across the floor and sat him down in Balfour's just vacated seat—Wyndham and Fisher tackled Logan—Tim Healy sprang across the floor to take on all the rest on the Conservative benches—poor Col. Sanderson, his martial spirit aroused by sniffing the battle in the air, glanced about him for something to do, and, seeing a Nationalist, Michael Austen, near him, knocked that innocent individual down—then Crean, his Tipperary dander being up, very nearly laid out Sanderson alongside his victim—and in a jiffy the whole assembly of "First Gentlemen in Europe" was engaged in one of the most interesting mixups that has been seen in a century. An Irish nationalist, who next day recorded that when the fray was finished and the House had emptied, the battledore "was strewn with scorpions and artificial teeth."

Tim Healy, several times shouldered out of the party of which he was at once the pride and the bane, a party which he couldn't lead and wouldn't follow, remained a free lance in the House of Commons for some time, tilting at pleasure against Conservatives, Liberals, Redmonites—and ever the fear and the delight of the House. The terrace and smoking room quickly emptied, and the House as quickly filled. He scrambled and jammed whenever the word flew round, "Healy's up!" He fascinated his victims just as he is said to do. Men like to be with a fearful delight, knowing where the lightning was next going to strike. He distributed his dagger thrusts with nonchalant impartiality—and in his later Parliamentary years his one rule of debate seemed to be, Wherever you see a head, hit it.

He finally quitted Parliament and resumed his practice of the law—the most brilliant pleader and most terrifying cross-examiner in Ireland. A good number of years ago this man quitted political life by the back door. Now suddenly reappearing at the psychological moment amid a host of intrigues and with a bias of hands, he again ushered into political life through the gilded and bejeweled hall door of a palace. Finally, to venture a prophecy: In the new life that Tim has entered he will shine, with the bulk of the people, for a short time. Then the country will one morning wake up to find that their "popular" government has very cleverly made use of his new popularity to "put over" something splendidly reactionary—something gloriously royalistic or imperialistic—West British—upon the "governed." And he'll carry with him a significant portion of his "subjects." If it's your Governor I'm your leader. Quit the independence, Deputies and County Councils, and close your eyes and follow the sound of my voice.

That's Tim.

All Ages at College

"WHERE shall colleges set their age limit?" is becoming a question of more than passing moment with the increase of prodigies, both old and young, who are continually entering the universities of the country. At Syracuse University this year Miss Mary A. Dowd, a retired teacher in the late sixties, and Miss Helen M. O'Donnell, an unsophisticated youngster of 14 years, are two of the candidates for Bachelor of Arts degrees.

Miss Dowd, who taught school for more than thirty years, each day encounters some of her former pupils in her classes. She says that thirty-one of them are now enrolled in the university, and she also extends her claim to one faculty member.

Helen Monica O'Donnell, a short, slight child in knee length dresses, more typically a high school "rookie" than a Syracuse "freshman woman," has just begun preparation for a teaching career. She offers only a short, brilliant high school record for

registration to balance her colleague's accumulations of thirty years.

In spite of their striking difference in ages these two Syracuseans are alike in many respects. Both are conscientious and interested students. University library habits claim that a sweet looking, white haired old lady and an eager child with her hair hanging in a pigtail down her back may be seen at one of the desks at almost any time after school hours. Both are honor students.

"I like to study," said Miss Dowd. "I couldn't see my way clear to a college education when I was young, so I'm enjoying it immensely now. I have elected languages, history and science this year, because I want to learn more about these things that have interested me all my life."

When asked if she enjoyed studying, little Miss O'Donnell said: "I couldn't 'O my goodness!' don't know! Do I find work hard? Why, no. You see, I'm terribly interested in my course. I want to be a teacher some day."

Miss O'Donnell plans to do major work in English.

Miss Dowd is a native of Chittenango, N. Y., while Miss O'Donnell comes from Warsaw, N. Y.

TIKHON'S DEFIANCE

Continued from Page Two.

been marked by craft as well as by brutality. They seemed to know exactly how far they could safely go, and they went just to the danger line when, during the trial of the fifty-four, they showed a disposition to declare illegal all forms of Church Government in Russia. Had they done so they would have come into collision with Rome, Canterbury, the Lutheran Church, the Jews and the Mohammedans; but somebody, perhaps Lenin, averted this disaster by suddenly changing the course.

Much can be said in favor of some resolutions adopted by the Reformed Russian Church, though the spirit of vindictiveness which animates the reformers and the guiding hand of the Soviet Government is always visible. Funds collected from all sources in the church are to be handed over to the new Supreme Church Administration, which will in any case be assured of a large and steady income, as all the wonder working icons, places of pilgrimages and other money making devices of the old church will continue to bring money into the coffers of the new, for the muzhik will be far too ignorant to see that any change will have taken place. His village church will remain where it was. In ninety cases out of one hundred the parish priest will remain in it under the new regime.

Not one country priest in a thousand knows the truth of what has happened; they get all their information about Tikhon and the new church from the Government newspapers. I even find that the average well educated man and woman in Moscow does not know one hundredth part as much about the trouble between church and State which has been going on here for the last six months as the American reader of this article will know. I talked yesterday about the Patriarch's difficulties to the member of a very religious and highly cultured family here in Moscow and was amazed to learn that they knew hardly anything at all of that subject. "We only know," they said, "what appears in the Bolshevik newspapers."

Thus we have the extraordinary spectacle of an ancient Christian priesthood which has had the torch of the faith handed on to them by the fathers of the Byzantine Church, and which is admitted by all other Christian churches to possess all the plenitude of priestly power—we have the extraordinary spectacle of such a priesthood becoming a puppet moved at the will of a most anti-Christian and atheistical Government which has never lost an opportunity of harrasing religion. We have this Government in the incongruous position of protecting and dominating "the Living Church," which they have set up as the established church of Russia.

The new church congress, of which I have spoken about, removed the ban on Tolstoy and passed resolutions appealing to the clergy of all grades to join the banner of the new administration of the Living Church.

Russian Problem in Air;

People in Three Classes
Time alone will show to what extent the masses of the people will assimilate the reforms of the new party. Undoubtedly a good many of the priests and the laity will remain firm, so that Russian Christians will be divided into three parts—the Reformed Russian Church, the Orthodox Russian Church and the old believers. The former will have, I think, in a year or so far more members than the other two combined. Despite all that orthodox theologians and pious orthodox laymen may say, it is evident that the Soviet Government is victorious.

I shall end this article by again quoting Joseph de Maistre and when we remember that this prophecy was made more than a hundred years ago, we cannot but be amazed at the almost supernatural prescience it shows.

Speaking of the Russian serfs, De Maistre says "These serfs, in proportion as they receive their liberty, will find themselves placed between teachers more than dubious and priests without strength or consideration. Thus exposed, without preparation, they will pass rapidly and infallibly from superstition to atheism, from passive obedience to unbridled activity. Liberty will have on all these temperaments the effect which a strong wine has on a man unaccustomed to it. The sight alone of this liberty will intoxicate those who have not yet taken part in it. If, with this general disposition of the popular mind, there should appear some University Pugachev (for such a one can easily be formed in Russia where all the necessary conditions exist) . . . then, according to all the rules of probability the State will be literally smashed to pieces."

Pugachev, I should explain, was the Jack Cade of Russia, a robber chief who stirred up a great revolt of the peasants in the reign of Catherine the Great; and a better description of Lenin than a "University Pugachev" it would be hard to imagine. But my

reason for giving this quotation is not because it mentions Lenin but because it speaks of the peasant passing "rapidly and infallibly from superstition to atheism."

If I were writing an article about Lenin, and searching Russian literature for prophecies of that Red Messiah's advent, I would certainly quote a remarkable poem written by the great Russian poet Lermontov in 1831. It has been translated as follows in the *Slavonic Review* for June, 1922:

A year shall come, out blackest year of all,
In which the Crown of Russia's Tears shall fall:
The mob shall change its old confident mood,
And death and blood shall be our daily food.
Law, overturned, no more shall guard the lives
Of tended children and of guiltless wives;
Then stinking corpses shall send forth disease
To stalk throughout our wretched villages.
Men waving kerchiefs as they call you out,
Our country shall lie starving in the drought;
Red flames shall glow upon our streams that hour;
And then shall stand revealed the Man of Power;
And then shall know him and shall understand
For what he holds the dagger in his hand.
And this is woe for thee! Thy tears, thy plaint
For him that day shall make but merriment;
And all in him is ghastly, all is gloom
Even as his sable cloak and lofty plume.

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